

The Horse.

A GREAT HORSE GONE.

Bell Boy and a Large Number of Other Horses Burned.

By the burning of the stables of Macy Bros., at Versailles, Ky., on Saturday of last week, the famous young trotting stallion Bell Boy, once owned in this State, was lost. The stables of the firm were all burned, with their contents, including 40 horses, and entail a loss of fully \$350,000. Bell Boy was by Electioneer, dam Beautiful Bells, by The Moor. He was purchased by S. A. Browne & Co., from Senator Stanford, who bred him, for \$5,000. They held him until he had reduced his record to 2:19 1/2, and then sold him to J. H. Brown and Seaman for \$35,000—so reported at least. The partners then announced that he was to be sold at auction so they could break up the partnership. One of the partners bought him for \$50,000. He was afterwards sold to Mr. J. Clark, for \$51,000, and remained his property up to date of his death. He was very likely to pay his owner a big percentage on his cost had he lived.

CLAIRVIEW GETS A GOOD ONE.

Mr. George C. Davis, owner of Clairview Stock Farm, near Grosse Pointe, a few miles above Detroit, recently purchased the stallion Wheeling Wilkes, a son of George Wilkes; now he has purchased the young stallion Antevolo 7648. He is a brown horse, foaled in 1881, bred by the great Electioneer 125, by Hambleton 10; dam, Columbine, by A. W. Richmond 1687; g. dam Columbia, by Imp. Bonnie Scotland (thoroughbred). Antevolo is the full brother to Antevolo 7865, 2:16 1/4, owned by S. A. Browne & Co., of Kalamazoo. Both of them were bred by Joseph Carr Simpson, of Oakland, California. The price paid for Antevolo is reported at \$35,000. Columbine is the only mare which ever produced two stallions with records below 2:30. This purchase gives Clairview a commanding position as the headquarters of two such great trotting stallions as Antevolo and Wheeling Wilkes.

AZOTURIA IN HORSES.

ELK, Mich., Jan. 13, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Perhaps the following will be of interest to P. B. M., of Pawama, who writes in your last issue giving symptoms of disease which destroyed a gray mare of his and other horses in his neighborhood. "Azoturia," a somewhat new disease in this country, attacks horses in good flesh upon being exercised after a period of rest. Professor Williams says: "Varying periods of rest were succeeded by an attack on the first journey, the animal always leaving the stable in higher spirits than usual." To give the symptoms of the above disease, as described by Prof. Haycock, Gunzee and Williams, would be repeating those given by P. B. M. Williams further says: "I never met with a case that was attacked in the stable prior to some amount of exercise. It seems necessary that some degree of muscular exertion be performed, and the only way in which I can account for this is that the blood before exercise contains a superabundant quantity of albumen unappropriated by the tissues, and the exercise, by increasing the rapidity of the circulation and of the respiratory movements, induces a rapid oxidation of such superabundant albumen whereby it is transformed into uræmic acid, etc., with which the bladder becomes over-loaded, and the kidneys stimulated to excrete what is proving deleterious. Albumen is occasionally present in the urine, but this is by no means constant; its presence, however, points to an aggravated form of the disease, and is often prognostic of a fatal termination. The presence of such effete material in the circulation provokes tonic spasms of the muscles, loss of motor power in the posterior, and even times, but rarely, in the anterior extremities, tetanic convulsions, and, finally, death. Treatment: Dr. Aconite and Tr. Belladonna, given alternately in five drop doses every fifteen minutes, and later on every half hour and hour; following as improvement begins with Tr. Nux Vomica, 25 drops, and quinine, 10 grains, three times a day." O. H. SMITH.

Artillery Horses.

A writer in the San Francisco Chronicle says it is surprising how quickly horses learn the buzze calls. After he had been in service some time, he writes, my first sergeant once asked me what that call was, as the bugle blew some command. "That's a pretty question for you to ask," I said. "How in thunder do you know how to march?" "I don't know," he said, "but my horse knows." Let the first note of the feed or water call be blown and there will be a terrible stamping, kicking and neighing.

Once, in a terrible storm, our horses and those of several other batteries broke loose, and there was a wild rush among the artillery men to get horses in the morning. All was excitement, and the horses were hard to get, but when I ordered the bugler to mount a stump and blow the feed call the horses all made such a rush for our battery that the men could hardly get out of the way quick enough.

When it comes to battle a horse seems to know everything that is going on, but he does his duty nobly and seems to be in his element. He enters into the spirit of the battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, and it is singular that if his mate is shot down he will turn to look at him and seem struck by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loose, but he walked up to the side of the horse and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would look away in the direction of the enemy as if to see the effect of the shot. When a shell would burst near by he would calmly turn and look at it. When he saw his own team going back and galloped back to the column with the rest. When the lieutenant pushed him aside to put in another horse he looked at the other one sorrowfully while he was being harnessed up, and when he seemed to realize that there

was no further use for him he lay down and died. The lieutenant strongly asserted that he died of a broken heart.

At the time that Adams', Johnson's and Preston's brigades charged me at Murfreesboro an officer was killed and the brigades were driven back. But the fallen officer's horse had not been taught to retreat, and he did not. He just came at full speed through the battery, and I tell you he looked simply grand. He was a large, fine animal, his nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed, and he clutched the bit with his teeth as he came on. He came like the wind, and with his saddle bags flying he looked as if he were flying himself, instead of running. Everybody gave him a wide berth, and I called to the infantry that I would give \$100 to the man who would catch him, but no one tried it, and he is running yet for all I know of him.

Horse Gossip.

HAVE you seen the 5-A five mile horse blanket? If not why not? If you have a horse you need it.

Macy, by George Wilkes, nine years old, has become so popular that a half interest in him has been sold for \$15,000.

So far nearly 5,000 horses have gained a record of 2:30; a record of 2:30, and nine a record under 2:38. But the lists of each class are growing rapidly.

OWNERS of high bred horses should beware of horse flies feeding around their pastures. A young filly by Egbert, dam by Stockbridge Chief, a full sister to Egalite, 2:35 1/2, is a late victim to barbed wire.

The Italian government is reported to have paid \$12,000 for the stallion Redwood Medium (2:54 1/2), by Happy Medium. He was foaled in 1874. That government has previously purchased American trotting bred stallions, and the fact that it is again buying argues that they have given satisfaction.

SHERMAN & LILLEY, of Grand Rapids, this State, have sold to Henry Kral, Dallas, Texas, the yearling colt Newaygo 9192, by Tallmage, dam Crete, by Haw Patch; also Modesty, foaled 1887, by Tallmage, dam Fannie Fletcher, by Louis Napoleon; and Trophine, foaled 1887, by Tallmage, dam Trophy 681.

The exports of horses from Great Britain to British North America during the nine months ending September 30 were valued at \$152,840, against \$190,931 in 1888, and \$157,675 in 1887. There is a decrease in the value of horses exported to the United States. The number of stallions brought to the United States was 524, against 568; and of mares 317, against 451.

THE *Better and Sportman* says: "Any foul and diseased condition of the foot primarily consists in inflammation and ulceration of the sensitive surface within the hoof, the clef of the frog; it appears to arise from the continual application of various kinds of dirt and mud, which irritate the tissues both externally and internally. Animals standing continually in foul, damp stables, or in straw yards, are liable to have this disease. Among its first symptoms is a discharge of a fetid mucopurulent fluid from the clef of the frog, which gradually extends to the neighboring parts, and, if neglected, may involve the whole foot. This condition produces lameness, and of course constitutes unsoundness. Carefully remove the diseased horn and thoroughly clean out the excavation with a drachm of carbolic acid, to which must be added one ounce of water. After this the following remedy may be used: Colomel, four drachms; glycerine, two ounces. This mixture must be put on a pledget of oakum and into the clef of the frog. Outside of this a bandage with some wool tar will do good service, and keep the foot scrupulously clean."

The Farm.

To Rid Calves of Lice.

It is claimed by some that if calves and all animals of the neat stock tribe are kept in good, thrifty condition they will never be troubled with vermin. Many stock-owners, however, know this to be a mistake, but rarely, in the anterior extremities, tetanic convulsions, and, finally, death. Treatment: Dr. Aconite and Tr. Belladonna, given alternately in five drop doses every fifteen minutes, and later on every half hour and hour; following as improvement begins with Tr. Nux Vomica, 25 drops, and quinine, 10 grains, three times a day.

They collect in largest numbers around the ears, the base of the horns, the neck and the brisket. Some may be found around the roots of the tail and inside the thighs. There is a large number of remedies, but for calves in cold weather the Persian insect powder, which can be procured by any druggist, is as safe a remedy as can be employed; that is, its application causes as little inconvenience, both to the sufferer and stockmaster, as any. It can be applied by means of a small bellows used for blowing the powder in the crevices of beds, or it may be rubbed into the hair by hand. It should be applied thoroughly and often. It will not kill the lice, but will destroy the lice that it comes in contact with. By applying it every day or every other day for a week or two, the young lice will be destroyed before they have time to multiply. These vermin breathe through pores or holes in their bodies. The fine powder, which is an irritant poison to vermin, is taken into the pores and causes sufficient inflammation to produce death. Some persons have thought that the powder merely drove the vermin from the animals to which it is applied, and that they will soon find their way to some other victim. Possibly a portion of the parasites may loosen their hold, drop from the creature to the floor or ground, and afterwards recover. Most of them, however, will be stone dead in a short time, provided the powder be pure and fresh. Tobacco smoke is the most effective remedy, but in order to utilize it, a strong Russia iron tube with bellows attached is required, the first cost of which is so great that most farmers do not like to invest in such an implement. It is not advisable to wash animals in cold water, and they are seldom troubled with lice when running to pasture. By washing thoroughly in a strong decoction of quassa chips, applied warm, all the lice, and nits too, may be destroyed at once. If this application is made in winter the patient will stand a good chance of being killed. By mixing flour of sulphur with the salt given the stock in the winter, the proportion of one part of sulphur to five of

Liverpool salt, it will have a tendency to keep lice from the stock. Cedar boughs sprinkled freely around the stables and upon the floor where the cattle lie, is an excellent preventative. Cattle which run in swamps or among trees where cedar shrubs are plenty are never troubled with lice.—*The Empire*.

The Silo and Mixed Farming.

At the Baraboo (Wis.) Farmers' Institute, the question of silos in connection with mixed farming came up, and the following opinions were delivered:

Mr. Adams said if one kept a few cows, a few steers, raised a little grain, a few potatoes and a little of everything, generally, it might not pay him to build a silo, as the additional profit gained thereby might not justify the purchase of the necessary appliances needed, any more than he could afford to keep a full outfit of harvesting machinery to harvest a few acres of grain.

A farmer asked if, considering all the losses and expenses connected with the silo, it would not be better for even an extensive stock farmer to preserve the corn crop, dry feed it to stock and let swine follow them to utilize the waste, than to build a silo.

Mr. Adams thought not, for several reasons: There is sure to be even greater waste of fodder in curing it dry than in the silo; a considerable portion of the stalks would be lost; besides, with the silo one could harvest the crop in good weather, entirely avoiding the necessity of going out in extreme cold or stormy weather to haul in fodder, when it was covered with deep snow or frozen to the ground, a most unpleasant job and one which had much to do with disgusting the boys with farm work and driving them to other occupations.

Mr. Druse reported the most perfect satisfaction with his silo. He would not without it.

Mr. Grant, of Eloy, said when he first heard about it in the farmers' institute he had no faith in it, thought it was all theory and fraud, a scheme to make sale for machinery, but his suspicion gradually gave way to the light of truth, and he built a silo. It was a grand success and more than his most enthusiastic advocates had claimed for it. It was virtually making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. It doubled the stock-keeping capacity on his farm, and he knew that by strict attention to business it would give perfect satisfaction to everybody who tried it and managed it intelligently. He used to think the farmers' institutes all nonsense, but now he could well afford to go fifty miles to attend one.

In summing up the silo discussion, Supt. Morris said that two years ago considerable effort was made to boom the silo in the institute work, while the subject was only discussed now by request, because the silo had become so thoroughly established in nearly all parts of the State that it was taking care of itself and rapidly increasing in popularity and numbers.

The Cow a Food Converter.

The man who says his cows are cheaply kept and makes this an argument for recommendation don't know what he is talking about. Such cows are cheap in every sense of the word. The cow which yields a generous return for the food consumed is the cow for profit and the one which will pay to feed generously. Such cows must have a raw material out of which to manufacture milk. It should not be expected that any cow will produce large quantities of milk or butter without being well fed. The cow which will profitably convert the largest amount of food into milk or butter is the most profitable to keep. It takes a certain part of the food to maintain the life of the cow, and if one cow can be made to convert into dairy products as much food as two ordinary cows an increased profit of at least the mere keeping of one cow will be gained.

The cow is a dairy machine, and the less machines there are required the less the cost of the running expenses will be. Give us cows that will eat a good deal of "most" anything.—*Holstein-Friesian Register*.

Feeding Experiments.

The Geneva, N. Y., and the New Jersey Experiment Stations are conducting feeding experiments which will, when completed, furnish, it is believed, valuable results for the guidance of farmers. At the New York Station young animals are commenced with in order to study effects at different ages with as much variety of feed as is possible. The animals are heifers and steers, so that effects in the production of milk or fat can both be studied. The New Jersey experiments are made with a view to testing the effects of feeding upon different breeds of dairy cows. These experiments will also have a direct bearing upon the question of the effect upon the general character of the milk product, that is upon the solids, which is the real basis of value in the milk product. By some it is claimed that each animal has a standard quantity of milk that is hardly changeable by the food consumed. The experiment stations will, after a time, furnish much light upon feeding and its various effects.

Wool Raising in the United States.

The first sheep introduced in the United States were taken to Jamestown, Virginia, in 1609. Great efforts were made to encourage the woolen industry, and some years later a law was passed which compelled every family to spin three pounds of wool, cotton, or flax per week during 30 weeks of the year. About the same time the first weaver settled in the country and received a grant of 30 acres of valuable land. In 1662 Virginia prohibited the exportation of wool and offered five pounds of tobacco as a premium for every yard of woolen tissue produced in the colony. The breed of the sheep at the time in America was, however, inferior, and it was not until the commencement of the present century that the Spanish government consented to sell a flock of fine Merino sheep at an exorbitant price for exportation to America. It is stated that even in 1810 there were only about 5,000 sheep of good breed in the country, but from them sprang the large flocks which are now found in the United States. The first cloth mill worthy of the name was erected in 1788 by several of the

inhabitants of Hartford, Connecticut, and its annual production amounted to 3,000 yards. It is stated that the proprietors of this establishment presented Washington with a suit made of this cloth in 1791. Other works soon arose, and in 1810 there were five mills producing fine woolen tissues, and 19 which manufactured coarser descriptions, their aggregate production being 300,000 yards, and a considerable quantity was also produced on hand looms.

The war of 1812 gave a great impulse to the American woolen trade, but when peace was concluded British tissues were imported in enormous quantities and completely crushed the industries of the States. Congress then found it necessary to protect the American manufacturers, and imposed in 1816 an import duty of 25 per cent. *ad valorem* on woolen tissues, and in 1824 it applied a duty of 15 per cent. on raw wool costing less than 10 cents per pound, and of 20 per cent. on wool costing more than 30 cents per pound.—*Drapers' Record*.

Commercial Fertilizers.

There is considerable discussion going on as to whether it pays a farmer to use commercial fertilizers. The practical answer to this question depends on several things. In the first place, it depends on whether he uses the right kind of commercial fertilizers in the right way. In the next place, it depends on whether the farmer has enough of other fertilizers on his farm to keep up and even increase its productivity. In the third place, it depends on whether he properly saves and applies what he has. But if he is constantly carrying away and selling the products of the farm, every article of which takes away its proportion of fertilizing elements, from what source is the loss to be made up, if he does not go outside of the farm to get it? You may save all the manures, save all the refuse, compost the weeds and all otherwise useless vegetation, but if you get these all on the farm, and never go off from it for anything, how does this add to the fertilizing elements on it? You but return to the soil what the soil produces. You may rob one field to fertilize another. Still none of these operations restore the fertilizing elements—the potash, phosphoric acid, nitrogen, etc., which you carry off in the products which you sell—in the butter and cheese, the pork, the wheat and other grains. Something does not come of nothing. Nature to some extent is recuperative. By fertilization, under proper conditions, she may draw nitrogen from the air, but whence is she to draw the mineral elements? You carry them off, and there is no process by which they can float back. If they are not carried back in some form, they will never go back. You will be all the time losing potash, phosphoric acid, and other more or less important elements. How are you to get these back, if you do not buy or steal commercial fertilizers which contain them and apply them to your soil? We know of farms that have been successfully run for years without the use of commercial fertilizers in any form. The draft has been constantly on what nature gave to the virgin soil. But who can say that these farms would not have done better if the elements taken off from them had been restored again, or that they will not in time become exhausted of their fertility if no manures not produced on them are ever used? Commercial fertilizers must be good to supply deficiencies.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

Agricultural Items.

THE Japanese buckwheat seems to be making a good many friends wherever it has been tried.

HOK H. D. SHERMAN says Iowa has doubled her butter production in ten years. Several new creameries and 65 new cheese factories were started in that State the past year.

IT is alleged the adulteration of lard with cottonseed oil and other substances has worked a loss of \$13,000,000 to \$14,000,000 to the producers of pure lard during the past year, by lowering the value.

SEVERAL farmers who mowed green clover in their barns, report it made excellent fodder though it nearly scared them to death by its heat. The conditions were somewhat similar to those attending the putting up of ensilage.

AXTELL, the famous trotter, was fed little but cornstarch for rough fodder through nearly two winters. For colts, this class of fodder is liked by many. Old horses do not seem to thrive so well on it. With the cornstarch, feedstuffs and wheat bran.

A VERMONT farmer says he has practiced feeding linseed meal gruel to calves for 20 years, using it as a main dependence after they are a month old. He boiled a quart of linseed meal in fifteen quarts of water for half an hour. His calves are raised on skim milk and linseed meal gruel, with a mixture of bran, fine middlings, linseed meal and cornmeal fed dry, as the digestive organs are able to bear, beginning with a very little. The milk and gruel for calves must always be warm. Cold milk kills many calves.

CONSUL-GENERAL GOLDSCHMIDT calls the attention of the authorities to the agricultural exposition to be held at Vienna, Austria, from May 8 to November, 1890, and suggests that it will afford a splendid opportunity for the United States to exhibit the agricultural machinery, tools and implements for which our country is justly famous, and that it will give us a chance to make a special Indian corn exhibit. He says the continental countries of Europe know practically nothing of the uses of corn, and that millions of bushels might be exported to the Continent to furnish food for people who have not enough to eat, and who would find it a cheap food if only they were educated to its use. The export demand would also be improved, furnishing an outlet for America's surplus.

MR. R. D. M. EDWARDS, at a late meeting of the South Jackson Farmers' Club, said: "I have learned not to let sweet corn, to be used for winter fodder, stand until the frost cuts it, then cut it up loosely in shocks and let it stand to cure out until the fall rains come on it, then wait for it to dry out enough to bind and draw and stack. Through the advice of those I thought ought to know I managed mine this way this year, and am satisfied that it lost at least one-third of its feeding value. If I raise any more will use my better judgment and as soon as it is matured (last of August), cut it, let it lie in

the swath, bunch or gavel, according to the manner in which it is cut, until quite dry, then bind in small bundles—can then bind with stalks, saving much time in making bands of other material—set it up in small shocks, tying the tops, let stand a few days, then draw to the barn or stack it before the fall rains bleach it or cause it to sour, as it will more or less, if it has heavy rains on it, while it is in large loose shocks."

If you have catarrh, you are in danger, as the disease is liable to become chronic and affect your general health, or develop into consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying and enriching the blood, and building up the system. Give it a trial.

The Poultry Yard.

Nest Eggs.

It has been said that as the moulting period is now passed plenty of eggs should be on hand. Perhaps they should, but the wise ones who have saved the spring pullets will be sure of plenty of eggs under proper conditions, and such will need artificial nest eggs to save the genuine article from freezing. Perhaps some people would laugh at the idea of making nest eggs when they can be bought at five cents each, but ten cents worth of plaster of Paris will make several. Now don't make them by making a hole in the end as big as this capital "O," as some one once advised, because the inside of the shell or contents is a little too hard to "extract" and the plaster too difficult to put in. Filling an egg shell through a hole about as large as a pen holder is too much like putting thick molasses into a jug with a mouth as large as the circumference of a small cornucopia.

The easiest, quickest and most satisfactory way is to "hack" the shell with a knife just as any one does a cooked egg when dividing it to eat, then break it open and let the contents out just as every good cook knows so well how, and then fill each half of the shell with plaster mixed to the consistency of mush with water, then place the halves together, fitting them just as they came apart. The plaster soon hardens and if there are any rough edges of shell that would tempt an egg-eater to pick at just smother a little plaster on it and the deception is perfect.—*Indiana Farmer*.

A young duck should be killed at about ten weeks old or less, before the pin feathers start; a few days after they start it is a tedious job and the flesh is not so good.

At Birmingham, Eng., is annually held the leading poultry show of the world, a show which has led all others for 41 years. The number of pens of poultry at the last show was 2,528; eggs, 45 sets; pigeons, 1,293 pens; ducks, geese and turkeys, 126 pens. The Brahmas take the lead.

THE *Orange County Farmer* says: When a dozen of eggs sell for as much as a pound of butter, and that is the case a good part of the time, it strikes us that a hen dairy is the most profitable of the two. It certainly costs less to produce the eggs than it does the butter. There is comfort in this thought for the poultryman.

It is related that a wealthy New Yorker, who in 1888 bought of E. Ry, of Coldwater, a pair of turkeys weighing 20 pounds each, offered him a dollar a pound for two for Christmas in 1889, which should aggregate 100 pounds. Mr. Ry arranged with a farmer to feed for heavy weights and shipped two mammoth turkeys, weighing one 50 1/2, the other 54 pounds, and received a check for \$104.50.

M. K. BOYER, of Hammon, N. J., the well known poultry expert, says: "There is no disputing the fact, the Plymouth Rock fowl is of a delicate nature. We have kept them for years and have run them side by side to other all-purpose breeds, only to see them surpassed. They are delicate as chicks and only secure a certain degree of hardness after they attain maturity. Our experience with the *Loed Wyandottes* has been that they are not only hardy in every sense of the word but give much better results. They are the farmer's fowl of to-day."

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Horticultural.

WEST MICHIGAN FRUIT-GROWERS' MEETING.

(Continued.)

Wednesday's afternoon session was opened by a paper furnished by G. J. Carpenter, of Fairbury, Nebraska; the subject being "Fruit-Growing in Nebraska." We give it entire:

Gentlemen of the West Michigan Fruit Growers' Society—I regret very much that I am unable to be with you and to listen to your valuable papers and discussions.

The past season has been a very prosperous one for the fruit growers of Nebraska. Our apple crop was very heavy, a fine quality of fruit bringing good prices.

In regard to season, our apple list differs very much from yours; for instance the Baldwin, Northern Spy, R. I. Greening, Esopus Spitzenberg and Fameuse are all fall apples here, none of them lasting longer than December 1st.

For winter apples our leading varieties are: Jonathan, G. G. Pippin, and W. W. Peckham for early winter; and Winesap, R. I. Greening, Ben Davis, Ruman, Stearns, Rome Beauty, and York Imperial for late keepers.

We cannot grow Stark, Willow Twig, Wagoner, E. G. Russet and D. M. in our soil. The good autumn apples for this region are very numerous, for in addition to those we have already mentioned, the Maiden's Blush, Wealthy, Haas, Fall Winesap, Bailey's Sweet, Rome, Porter, Lowell, Cole's Quince, Uter's Red and Fall Orange, are a perfect success.

Like the fall apples we have a large list of good ones for summer, too many in fact to enumerate. We could mention some hundreds of varieties, including summer, fall and winter, that are grown successfully in this country.

(Jefferson) year after year, for we nearly always have a crop of apples, there being no alternate or "off years" such as we find to have in the E. States. We think there is no part of the United States better adapted to apple growing than South-eastern Nebraska, although the people have been a long time realizing the truth of this statement.

Fears are generally considered a failure, because of blight, but several persons are making a success of growing them. Finnish Beauty, S. S. and Bartlett are the favorite varieties.

Peaches bear a full crop every two or three years, and the fruit is of the best quality. Our State Fair exhibited 24 varieties at our State Fair; these attracted the attention of all who saw them and were pronounced equal in every way to those grown in the favored peach-growing region.

With the exception of Blue Damson, foreign or European plums are a failure; the little Turk being the cause. Nearly all the native varieties are grown successfully, our favorite varieties being Miner, Wild Goose, De Soto, Wolf, Pottawattamie and Forest Garden.

Russian apricots do remarkably well south of the Platte River. For the successful growing of the American varieties of grapes, we claim Nebraska to be one of the most favored spots on earth, even if it does sound a little extravagant to say it. It is no unusual thing for a single grower to exhibit fifty varieties of grapes at our State and county fairs.

Our best black raspberries are Taylor or Southerner, Hopkins and Ohio; the Gregg and Mammoth Cluster are a little tender. In red raspberries the variety is standard, while the Shal-r's Colossal, Cuthbert and Hansel are a partial success.

Strawberries are grown in great profusion; the Crescent is far in advance of all others in point of hardiness and productivity. We use the James Vick as a fertilizer for the Crescent on account of its producing more bloom and pollen than any other variety.

Sharpes, Downing, Manchester, Bubach, Jessie, Miner, Captain Jack and Wafford are all grown to a considerable extent.

Russian mulberries are being used largely for wind-breaks around orchards and fruit-gardens as they serve a double purpose; the branches start early in the spring, thus making an excellent protection from the winds, and in summer these branches are loaded with fruit, which supplies the birds and domestic fowls with a food that they prefer to cherries, raspberries and blackberries, and as the mulberry tree furnishes ripe fruit from May 15th to Sept. 15th, our more valuable fruits are not molested.

Dakota, Minnesota, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas furnish the best markets for our fruit. This year a large part of our apple crop went to New York.

Large commercial orchards are being planted, and the time is coming when Southern Nebraska will be known as a fruit-producing region.

This was followed by a talk on the fruits of South America by E. C. White. The speaker had spent several years in that country, which enabled him to give the fruit-growers of Michigan a good idea of the fruits of that country, mode of cultivation and the climate. These points were explained in a manner that interested and instructed his hearers.

The evening session was occupied with a talk by Prof. P. A. Latta. This was followed by E. C. White upon the customs and manners of the inhabitants of South America. Upon this topic Mr. White was thoroughly at home, entertaining the audience for one hour, carrying his hearers with him, presenting such vivid pictures of the every day life of that people that one almost felt the journey a real one.

Thursday morning reports of the secretary and treasurer were made. The election of officers was next in order, which resulted in the selection of Joseph Latta, of South Haven, President; G. H. LaFleur, of Allegan, Secretary; W. A. Smith, of Benton Harbor, Treasurer. Executive Board—H. Dale Adams, chairman, Galesburg; W. H. Payne, South Haven; Daniel Falconer, Saginaw; L. W. Rose, Ludington; R. Morrill, Benton Harbor.

The contents of the question box were then discussed.

1. What are the five best varieties of plums to grow for market? Mr. G. C. McClatchie, of Ludington, named Lombard, Bradshaw, Pond's Seedling, Duane Purple, Purple Egg.

2. Is a southern slope favorable for a peach orchard? John P. Wade said he would not select a southern slope; peach trees on such slope grow later in the fall and start earlier in the spring. Late frosts in spring injure the blossoms, then warm days in winter start the flow of sap which is not desirable; prefers a northern slope. Others agreed with Mr. Wade.

3. Which are the five best varieties of winter apples to grow for market? A vote

taken resulted in naming Baldwin, Stark, Hubbardston Nonpareil, R. I. Greening and Northern Spy. Several members spoke highly of Jonathan, Smith's Cider, and Ben Davis.

4. What are the characteristics of the Le Conte pear? Reported as poor quality, tree tender and blights badly, of no account in Michigan.

5. Which are the best varieties of peach to plant for an orchard of 1000 trees? This was not decided, but referred to several peach growers who were requested to fill out a list and forward to the Secretary to be published hereafter.

The committees on fruit and resolutions made reports, which were adopted.

L. W. Rose, of Ludington, invited the Society to hold its June meeting at that place. The invitation was accepted, and June 3, 4 and 5 was decided upon as the date.

W. A. Smith, of Benton Harbor, sent to the secretary the following paper, which was read:

There is one question among others that will doubtless come up for consideration, the destruction of insects injurious to fruit. The spraying system is no longer a theory, but an established fact, so far as apples, pears, plums and cherries are concerned.

Yet some are in doubt as to the result when applied to these fruits, owing to the many failures to accomplish the object sought. In any experimental trial a dozen failures will not disprove a theory, while a single success will establish it. The mere formula, so much poison to so much water, is not sufficient. Two persons may use the same formula, one with entire success, the other with total failure. The difference is in the application. As for example, the past season, the same formula, a fine crop of plums on one lot of trees, and destroyed the entire crop on another lot of trees by defolating the trees in the early part of the season. What we need and must know is to be successful in spraying is not only a correct formula, but also a safe and judicious method of application. We propose to grow plums in the near future, and grow them for export. I am satisfied we must adopt some plan to destroy the little Turk, when the crop is a light one, or else have a failure. Can we spray the peach successfully. Time and money spent in testing this point the coming season will be a good investment. Let this point be settled before a doubt. I have fifty trees which I can well afford to kill if necessary in order to learn this fact.

The Society then adjourned.

G. H. LAFLEUR, Sec'y.

WASHTENAW POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Apple is King in our County—New Process of Extracting Fruit Juices—Fruit Factories—The Commission Man—Fruit Buds—Exhibit.

At the monthly meeting all were glad to see Mr. J. Austin Scott, the founder of our Society, hale and hearty, taking as lively an interest in the topics of discussion as ever before. Mr. Garzhorn read a very interesting paper on the apple. The apple is king among the fruits of our country. The apple is not subject to blight like the pear tree; it is the most profitable fruit. It paid the farmers of Washtenaw County last season at least \$150,000 cash, while it filled their cellars with plenty of this luscious fruit. Michigan apples sold at Boston, snows for \$3, Kings for \$5 per bbl. The evaporators and fruit factories came to the relief of the orchardist. Allmendinger & Schneider bought 20,000 bushels of apples. Mr. Granger, of Western New York, put up a very large drying establishment in the Volz brewery. Three dryers were in operation at Chelsea. All over this county jelly and cider factories are in operation.

The American consuls abroad had their attention directed by the Secretary of State to the extraction of juices from the apple. The process of diffusion, employed in extracting the juices from the sugar-beet in Europe, was reported most favorably by the consuls. This process is employed now on a large scale in the old world in extracting fruit juices; 85 to 95 per cent of the apple juices are extracted; the cider by this process is said not to ferment unless sugar or yeast be added. Arrangements are made to introduce this new process in this country. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Garzhorn for this excellent paper.

Mr. Tucker, formerly of Western New York, now a resident of Ann Arbor, addressed the Society. He had visited every school district in this and other countries where apples are grown. No county is superior to Washtenaw for fruit-growing in general. Oakland County produces more apples than any other in the State. At a meeting held three weeks ago at Chicago, Mr. Tucker recommended Ann Arbor for the establishment of a cider and vinegar factory. Horticultural Societies should support them in legislative enactments by which they are protected against the manufacture of vinegar from corn, which is branded cider vinegar, and against adulterated jellies. Every State, and especially Michigan, should appoint a fruit commissioner to prevent these adulterations, which are injuring the public health.

Mr. Wm. McCreery presented a very interesting paper on the proceedings of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society. The discussion of the subject of disposing of products through the commission merchant resulted in his favor, although there are abuses connected with the system. A method is needed which will secure to the grower a fair and equitable return for his consignment. If the present way of making out net proceeds cannot be altered, perhaps some plan may be devised whereby the commission merchant may feel disposed to offer some greater inducement for consignments than he does at present. The business ability of the commission merchants was defended. They have an acquaintance with a large class of buyers and possess a familiarity with the kind and quality of fruit each usually buys. Familiarity with the way the market is affected, either by glut or scarcity, is only acquired by constant attention and the knowledge of how best to dispose of a lot of perishable produce in times of emergency is not acquired in a day.

The Society resolved "to condemn the practice of commission men of supplying empty packages to customers, because it encourages dishonest packing; to insist that the practice shall become universal of making weekly payments and statements; to demand honest quotations from any shipping point where perishable articles are handled; to condemn the taking of fruit from open packages by customers or employees of the commission men, and to condemn the practice of selling the produce of different consignors in lump lots, insisting that each

man's goods shall be sold on their own merits. The speedy return of berry crates and bushel baskets is insisted upon."

Mr. J. J. Parshall, who made microscopic observations of the fruit buds, apprehends no danger.

Hon. J. Austin Scott exhibited very fine specimens of the Belmont, Jonathan, Roxbury Russet, Lady's Sweeting (one of latest and best keepers), Talcott Sweet, Swart, Belleflower, Greening, Charles Treadwell, English Redstreak, Genetling, Jonathan, the finest specimens on exhibit. E. Bur: Jonathan, Greening, English Russet, Belleflower, pears, D'Arenberg and Lawrence.

J. Garzhorn: Dried apples from Ben Davis apple, a variety which otherwise is neglected but which seems to be superior as a dried product.

At the February meeting Professor Spalding had a paper on fungus diseases and their cure. EMIL BAUR, Cor. Sec.

LENAWEE COUNTY HORTICULTURE.

The Lenawee County Horticultural Society held its annual meeting on the 8th, at Adrian. The election resulted as follows: President—E. W. Allen.

Vice President—H. C. Bradish. Secretary—T. J. Gibbs.

Treasurer—B. L. Laing. Librarian—Dr. W. Owen.

Executive Committee—D. C. Edmiston, W. W. Steers, H. C. Bradish, F. J. Hatch, Mrs. C. W. Smith and Mrs. H. C. Bradish.

There was a very determined effort made to re-elect both the president and secretary, but these gentlemen declined with apparently such good reason that the society concurred in the point, and they step down and out, but only to work elsewhere with equal energy and good will.

The retiring president read his annual address, which was pointed and well worth listening to.

The treasurer reported \$48.80 cash on hand, besides a receipt from the treasurer of the State Society, good for \$19 in advance fees to that society.

The secretary's annual report was read as follows:

Mr. President—It becomes my duty at this first meeting of the new year to make a brief report of work of the year 1889—the thirty-ninth year of the existence of this society.

We have held twelve regular meetings during the year; one, the July meeting, having been held in connection with the State Society's meeting. Seven were held at the homes of individual members and four in the temperance parlors. Arrangements were made for an exhibition of strawberries and flowers at the June meeting.

Practically failed in our quest of the cold weather and lateness of the season. A few of the earlier varieties of the strawberries only were on exhibition.

The exhibition of both fruit and flowers at this meeting was duly noticed in the report of the same.

Arrangements were made at the August meeting for the society to make an exhibition of fruit at the Detroit Exposition, in competition with like societies of these States and other States, as well as Canada.

Our success is familiar to all, yet the cost of that success is known only to the few who labored for its accomplishment.

When it comes to taking from three to ten days of a busy man's time right out of the busiest season of the year, without fee or reward, it is no trifling sacrifice; yet it was done cheerfully and gladly; and I have no doubt that the farmers and fruit-growers of Lenawee county are better off to-day by hundreds of dollars for that sacrifice on our part for we were not half doing placing our fruit on the tables, until dealers were passing by the score, making inquiries and taking notes as to the opening for the trade, even obtaining the name and address of the prominent orchard owners in the county.

Yet but few of these same farmers think enough of the work done for the public benefit to contribute the amount of the annual membership fee, and this is another illustration of the old saying, "One man sows and another reaps."

The exhibition at our own county fair was quite satisfactory. The display of apples and pears was not only large but of very fine quality. Peaches and plums were up to the usual standard, the fair coming too late for most varieties of these fruits, while grapes fell somewhat below the usual standard, in consequence of the prevalence of rot and mildew in many vineyards, and the late frosts in the spring.

In December we held a special exhibition of fruits and flowers, which called out a fine display of seasonal fruit, as well as many varieties quite out of season, showing what skill and care can do in the way of preserving fruit.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of low prices, and close competition, we have much to encourage us. The orchardists of Lenawee County to-day are practically masters of the various varieties of choice fruit, and to adulterate their business only a few years ago. There are yet many problems to be solved, but industry and perseverance will bring us out more than conquerors in the end.

No class of tiller of the soil suffers less to-day from the pressure of the times, than the fruit growers of Lenawee County. Grain growers complain of short crops and low prices, and stock growers say they are turning off their fat stock at an actual loss, while the man who was fortunate enough to have a good apple, peach or pear orchard, or even a well kept berry field, as a rule, paid his taxes early, slept well at night, having a clear conscience and a full stomach, and goes to church well dressed on Sunday.

We have had enrolled during the last year thirty-eight paying members, several of our former members having dropped out, or neglected to pay the annual fee, while their places have been filled by new recruits. Of this number, the City of Adrian, the towns of Adrian and Madison, have each furnished an equal number, while Clinton, Tecumseh, Raisin, Palmyra, Blissfield, Berlin, Woodstock and Hudson are all represented.

In conclusion it is to be noted that death has again entered our ranks, this time claiming as victim Mr. S. K. Kies, of Clinton, brother of Gen. D. Kies, who died about one year previous. Both of these gentlemen had been members of this society for many years, and although not often attending our meetings, they were true and intelligent men in their chosen pursuits.

All of which is respectfully submitted. D. G. EDMISTON, Secretary.

The next meeting will be held at the same place on Wednesday, February 12, commencing at 10 A. M. The day will be devoted to the discussion of the Flora and Forestry of Lenawee County. Messrs. Helms and Steers have promised papers, and have been the best talent of the city have been invited to aid in the discussion.

The Benton Harbor Palladium says: "Mr. Rufus Brunson received a letter from Mr. Erwin P. Smith, the U. S. peach jelly commission man who visited this section last fall and to whom Mr. Brunson lately made a report of his investigations. Mr. Smith, among other things, advises our fruit growers not to buy peach trees grown in any part of New Jersey. Mr. Brunson says some trees from Hightstown, N. J., have been delivered here and found to be affected."

An Important Thought About Fruits.

G. W. Campbell, of Ohio, the well known grape specialist, said in a recent address before the Ohio State Horticultural Society:

There is one important element concerning all fruits which seems to be often overlooked—adaptation. A new fruit may be introduced with high commendation by the originator and the most flattering testimonials from his neighbors. It is purchased and planted in other localities by enthusiastic amateurs, and perhaps by enterprising commercial growers, and found unsuccessful.

It is thereupon pronounced a fraud, and its introducer a "humbug" or a "swindler." Now, it is possible that all that was said of this fruit is true in the locality where it originated and under the treatment it received, and failures on the other hand may have occurred from an uncongenial soil or location or from improper treatment. We often see widely differing statements as to the character and value of the same variety of fruit, one commending highly, the other pronouncing it worthless, and both may be correct, the difference being only in the locality or the conditions under which it has grown.

An important part of horticultural knowledge is to understand what fruits are best adapted to our different soils and locations.

The experiment stations can, and doubtless will, greatly assist in supplying this information for the benefit of all sections of the country. The highest success in fruit-growing can only be attained where a judicious selection can be made of such varieties as are best suited to the climate and soil where planted.

Precautions in the Plum Orchard.

Prof. L. B. Taft, in a paper on diseases of the plum read at the State Horticultural Society's winter meeting, after describing the characteristics of the various mildews and blights affecting the trees and fruit, sums up as follows:

The fallen leaves should be raked up and burned, and if the trees are sprayed once or twice during May and June, many of the spores will be destroyed.

Although the development of the various fungi, within the tissues of the tree or fruit, is the real cause of the diseases just discussed, the conditions under which the trees are growing will have much to do with the amount of injury inflicted. A soil that is too wet or too dry, or that does not furnish soluble food in proper proportions, will cause a derangement of the vital functions of the plant and will both invite the attack of fungi and permit them to ravage at their will. If these unfavorable conditions can be changed, and the plant strengthened, it may be able to resist all attacks of the fungi, or to hold them in check that the injury will be much reduced. The following treatment will then be seen to be a perfectly rational one:

1. See that the land is properly drained, either naturally or artificially, before the trees are planted.

2. Try to retain a sufficient supply of moisture during the summer droughts. This can best be secured by frequent shallow cultivation.

3. Provide a liberal amount of proper food for the trees. For all fruits, and in fact for all plants, one of the best fertilizers is unleached wood ashes. For bearing orchards these should be applied broadcast, early in the spring, and plowed or harrowed in. Fifty bushels per acre will make a wonderful difference; and if they can be cheaply obtained, three or four times that quantity can be applied with profit.

4. Thin the fruits so that they will not be in contact. This will pay of itself in the increased size of the fruits that are left. It will lessen the strain on the vitality of the tree, and in case rots sets in, its destructiveness will be greatly reduced.

5. In case a fungus of any kind appears, remember that it is a minute plant which develops innumerable quantities of spores or seeds; that they are wafted about by the wind and will convey the disease to great distances, destroying, if un molested, not only the present crop but the orchard itself. The following remedies then should be used on their first appearance:

a. Cut off and burn all diseased portions.

b. Spray the affected trees with some approved fungicide.

Early Apples.

Although no one wishes to plant them extensively for market, a few trees of the choicest early apples should always have preference over all other fruits. Summer sorts are by no means particular about the locality where they are grown, as are the winter varieties. Thorough cultivation is of far more importance than seasonal influences. Our list of really excellent kinds is so full that little fear need be entertained in making a selection for summer and early autumn. All things considered, I have little hesitation in placing Jefferson at the head of the list; it seems to combine all the essentials of a first-class reliable apple. It has considerable beauty, fair size, excellent quality; hence is very desirable for market in limited quantity. The Mother makes a good second, if it does not exceed the above in richness of flavor, but its tender flesh prevents its profit for market. It is, however, as delicious for the table as any pear, and deserves a place in every home orchard.

The excellent American Summer Pearmain is difficult to excel for richness and delightful flavor, as well as the tender texture of its flesh. In most localities, or rather soils, it is a shy bearer, but with high culture it can be induced to produce fine crops. If it was not so small, Early Joe would certainly rank first in our list of early apples.

The pear-like texture and very pleasant flavor commend it to every orchardist who desires a fine fruit for his table. Primrose is of fine size and excellent quality, but some growers complain of large watery patches beneath its skin, which, of course, detract from its value. Although rather acid for my taste, I have a decided leaning toward those popular varieties, the Bononi, Red Astrachan and Early Harvest, any or all of which may be recommended. I had very nearly forgotten that delightful little early apple, Summer Rose, for the dessert; it is very superior, combining beautiful appearance and excellent quality.—Josiah Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Frank Ford & Son, of Ravenna, O. Their catalogue, which is mailed free to all on application, should be in the hands of all who plant seeds, flowers or trees.

Horticultural Items.

Cherry and vinegar made from crab-apples are said to be excellent.

There are 1,500 evaporating establishments in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y.

The Benton Harbor Palladium says the old peach-growing record of that vicinity bids fair to be excelled by the new orchards now coming into bearing.

PHOT. TAFT says the black knot on the cherry and the plum, which some have claimed are not identical, are caused by the same fungus, *Powdrihtia morbosa*.

The tomato pack for 1889 was eleven per cent less than the previous year, a reduction chargeable to the short supply (due to unfavorable weather) and inferior fruit.

The culture of muskmelons is becoming a feature of the fruit industries of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, thousands of crates being sent to Chicago during the season, and the area devoted to the crop being on the increase.

Downs in Southern Indiana peach trees were in bloom in December. Of course this cut off all hope for a crop next year, but the growers don't care. Their trees have borne three successive crops and they are willing they should have a rest.

Immense amounts of vegetable seeds are grown in the neighborhood of Santa Clara, Cal. One man grows 50,000 pounds of onion seed alone; another's product is 25,000 pounds of lettuce seed. California is said to possess the ideal climate for seed growing.

G. F. POWELL, of Ghent, N. Y., is putting out 20,000 currant bushes, from which he anticipates a crop of 20 tons of fruit per annum. He has 800 as fine apple trees as are to be found in the State. Mr. Powell does not complain that "fruit-raising doesn't pay."

A cold storage company's circular says that if celery is packed in small boxes, placed in total darkness and submitted to a certain low temperature for thirty to sixty days, it will not only be beautifully white and crisp, but will lose its natural bitterness and have the delicate flavor and fine appearance of the choicest eastern celery.

When plum and cherry trees are affected by the black knot, cutting off the knots and leaving them on the ground will do no good, as the spores will develop the same if left on the tree. If the knots are on the trunk they should be pared off smoothly, and the cut surface painted with linseed oil. This will destroy any spores, and not injure the tree.

The strawberry, considered as food, is only very nutritious. The dry matter is only 9.48 of the whole, less than one per cent of this is protein, with 5.76 non-nitrogenous extract. Its office is not one of nutrition, but that of supplying beneficial vegetable acids to the system, diluted and flavored by sugar and a delicate fruit aroma, which makes it so delightful.

The pickle factory at Benton Harbor made three thousand barrels of pickles the past season. The Allen canning factory, at the same point, put up 400,000 cans of tomatoes, raspberries and apples. Godfrey's factory put up 125,000 cans of fruit and vegetables, and evaporated 25 tons of fruit. Twenty thousand barrels of cider were made at Benton Harbor during the year.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If you want the best Garden you have ever had, you must sow MAULE'S SEEDS.

There is no question but that Maule's Garden Seeds are unsurpassed. Their present popularity in every county in the United States proves it, for I now have customers at more than 35,000 post-offices.

When once sown, others are not wanted at any price. My new Catalogue for 1890 is pronounced the most original, beautifully illustrated and readable Seed Catalogue ever published. You should not think of purchasing any SEEDS before sending for it. It is mailed free to customers and to all others enclosing 10 cents in stamps for it.

My Special List of Striking Specialties for '90 mailed free to all who write for it, mentioning this paper. Address: WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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A SLIGHT FROST.

Walking along one wintry day
Behold a couple soon to wed,
I was much pleased to see the care
Which which her steps she gently led.

Back little piece of ice he saw
With almost microscopic eye,
And quickly did her elbow grasp,
Thus guiding her so lovingly.

Less fall I saw them once again;
From railway station home they went;
He swung along with rapid pace,
As if on his own thoughts intent.

She followed him then in the rear;
I wished there was ice and snow;
So I might see again that care
Which when first betrothed did show.

It was the weather—that is all,
That made the difference, "you know."
—Boston Transcript.

THE ANANIAS CLUB.

A Powerful Frenchman Who Picked a Rail-
road Train—An Herculean Heroism
Whose Chief Amusement Consisted
in Boring Holes with His Head.

"The most powerful man I ever saw was a Zulu called 'Spot,' who worked next to me when we were digging the Panama canal," remarked Patrolman Conklin. "That in other men was a strenuous effort was to him the merest child's play. He saved the company a great deal of money in blasting powder alone. Any thing he could get a drum grip on had to come. I have seen him dig a twenty-ton rock out of the ditch as easily as Patrolman Davis can juggle a wienersurst."

"When I was in Paris," said Patrolman Ash, "I saw a man used instead of a locomotive on one of the railroads. He would be coupled to a train and would pull it at a good, fair speed. Of course, he didn't make the time that an engine would make, but if my memory serves me right, he made about fifteen miles an hour. I had quite a talk with the superintendent of the road, and he was much pleased with the experiment. He said the company would very likely use men to haul its trains exclusively. It was much cheaper and the danger from collision was not great. This would make up for the lack of speed. The expense of shoeing and feeding the man was considerable, but still he was cheap, as compared with the average locomotive."

"A funny thing happened on the road a few days before I left. The man-engine drank too much wine, and in staggering from one side of the track to the other kept derailing the cars, and the entire traffic of the road was delayed for several hours, or until the engine got sober enough to go ahead. A scheme like this would be a good thing for this country, I think."

"In 1839 I was in San Francisco," chimed in Patrolman Jim Pope. "The gold fever was raging, and every one had exalted ideas of the wealth that was to be found in the earth. I was much younger than I am now—though you would hardly think it to look at me—and, like every one else, I went to the mountains to dig gold. I had a peculiarly formed pick-axe which I used with great success. In the point of the pick-axe was placed a dynamite cartridge, and every time I would sink the pick six inches into the rock, the cartridge would explode, thus blasting out the stone and saving a great deal of extra work. I had been picking away for about two months on top of a mountain and had made quite a hole. The yield was pretty fair, and I had about \$5,000 in gold nuggets laid away. One day I went down into my mine and was working away like a good fellow. Suddenly the stone floor slowly raised for a distance of two feet. I yelled to my partner to haul me up, for I didn't know what was coming. 'Don't be alarmed, friend,' said a voice under the stone. 'I'll be out in a minute and then I'll talk to you.' Sure enough a head popped up and a man slowly drew himself through the aperture."

"Did you say howdy?" said the stranger with a laugh. "I know I said howdy. Pretty tight squeeze, but I made it." Of course you understand, friends, I was considerably rattled. "Who are you and where did you come from?" I asked.

"Before furnishing the required diagram and accompanying explanation let me inquire if you have any chewing tobacco about you?" said the stranger. I handed over a slab of "black strap" plug, and after helping himself liberally the stranger handed the plug back, remarking: "That's good stuff. Well, as to who I am, I'm not ashamed to tell you. My name is Sardanapalus Boling, Esq. My home is in Boston. You needn't tell me your name, for I know you. You are Jim Pope, of Indianapolis. I suppose you want to know how I came here. Well, I have no objection to telling you."

After three months' stay in a tunnel at the side of the mountain, thinking that I would find plenty of ore, I met with poor success, and after I had gone in about half a mile I made up my mind to abandon my claim, when something seemed to tell me to bore up instead of down. I thought it wouldn't hurt any harm to try it just for luck, and so commenced. I had taken out a good deal of ore when I started, and I was working above me, and I concluded to come on and join you, and here I am."

"But where are your tools?" I asked, in astonishment. "Tools?" exclaimed Mr. Boling, of Boston. "I had no tools. I did all my tunneling with my hands, head and feet. I would just put my head against the earth, whirl around and have a hole about to my shoulders, and then I would tear out the earth or rock, or whatever it might be, with my hands. Sometimes I would lay down on my back and kick a hole with my heels, but I didn't like to do that very much because I would get dirty in my eyes. Well, to make a long story short, the mining firm of Pope & Boling was formed, and we worked together for three years. We became very wealthy, established a line of steamships between San Francisco and Cape Cod, and when Boling died he was worth \$1,000,000. The money I made I've got yet."

And then, says the Indianapolis News, the Ananias Club adjourned.

A Careful German Official.
A new road was about to be made in a certain parish in the Bohemian. The surveyor came, took his observation, and with considerable care and exertion sketched out the road. When this part of the work was done he went to the mayor of the parish and said: "I must ask you to see that the poles are not stolen over Sunday." Monday morning the surveyor came back. Sure enough the stakes had gone. The mayor had locked them up for safety in the town hall.

CHICAGO'S NIGHT COOKS.

Peripatetic Restaurants Which Do a Good
Business from Ten P. M. Until Dawn—
A Pretty Fair Lunch for Five
Cents—Walking Cafes.

Acting on the facts given him, a Chicago News reporter selected Detective Morgan Thomas, of the Harrison street station, and at eleven o'clock started out to explore this paradise of itinerant cooks and restaurants on wheels. At the hour when the West and North sides were silent in sleep the levee was a lively scene. The usual throng of painted women, white and black, alleged sporting men, with barber-pole pants, bill-poster shirt-fronts, and dance-house neckties, were to be seen.

"This comes one of the cafes," said Thomas. Around the corner of Polk street and Fourth avenue appeared a swarthy little man. He carried a small folding table beneath one arm, and in the other hand he held what looked like a hotel consommé boiler. It was made of copper and it shone like a full moon. He cried in a sing-song voice: "Hash and wieners, gut wurst."

This class is the most common, said the detective. "See, he sells hash, bread and Frankfort sausage, red-hot." "Will de shendelman has some red-hot and brody?" asked the cook, as he placed his copper kettle on the curb. In a twinkling the table was set up. His wares were good. Hot, home-made hash, with good bread and butter, made excellent sandwiches for a hungry rouser or policeman. The red-hot were generally cut in two longitudinally and smothered in mustard. The merchant willingly told how he made his living.

"You see, frens, I sleeps me in de day-time, 'cause de beelievers want mine stock dyed de sleepers. You mine woman, she cooks de hash efery afternoon and I cook de red-hot efery I carries dem. Lots of fellows make money mit dis business. See, in dis part I keeps de hash, and heefers efery red-hot. Under is a lamp what keeps de place hot. In dis box I carries de brod and mustard. I shust walk me round, and de peoples what is hungry buy dey. Dey be beelies what only work around nights. Some be thieves, some gamblers, some policemen and odder thing. Oh, yes, I make more money als vorkin' in a restaurant."

"It is only a sample," said the detective, "but I have heard of your paraphernalia and departed shouting his weird sing-song cry. The waffle man was also encountered, but merchants of his kind are too numerous in the day-time to merit much comment. A little farther on the policeman held forth his little cart, gasoline torch and supply of buttered snowflakes sold in pretty paper bags. During the warm autumn evenings very good stock shodders in nocturnal sweet corn cook. He gives you a big, fresh-boiled ear of corn with plenty of butter, such as it is, and seasoning for a nickel. It was not until the negro quarters were reached that the night cook was seen in all his glory, with his little movable stall, where he displays appetizing roasted tidbits of chicken, opossum, corn and sweet potatoes. Who could be supposed to see the white-clothed fellows who assume grotesque shapes fitting about their ovens in the darkness, now and then crying: "Come on, brethren, an' partake ob de feast. Choice cuts heeb. All yoh wants fer two bits."

A great many well-dressed white men stopped to get a hot chicken or sweet potato. These cooks are patronized all night long. Not a sign of their business is left by daylight, for as dawn appears they pack up and go home. These fellows just making a meal of chicken legs, toast and sweet-potato sandwiches are actors," said the officer. "These lunches save them time and money. On their way to their rooms they take a bite and satisfy the inner man with choice dainties at a small cost."

Leaving the darker portions of the levee, and upon reaching State street, the itinerant night-cook is supplanted by the all-night restaurant. These itinerant merchants do not like the lightest streets, because their customers are found only in the darker streets.

"Speaking about variety actors as 'baked' and 'fried' chicken and sweet potatoes, I think the man who first called them by that name must have seen them about midnight on the levee, getting away with a plate of eggs and ham just prepared by one of these night-cooks."

These cooks know every tough and bad character in the locality, and very often supply such men with the only meal they get when in hiding from the police, so they are very often used to advantage by the police as stool-pigeons. They are a necessity in this locality, and if they were prohibited from doing business every rouser would strike.

A WONDERFUL CAT.

As Ugr, a Serbian Creature Saves a Rail-
road Train from Destruction.

As the train was about to pull out of the Broad street station, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, I recognized an old friend in the engineer. He nodded to me and I jumped into the cab. Dick and I shook hands and he introduced me to his fireman, a young fellow with large, truthful, honest eyes, and the most innocent-looking face I ever saw. Perched on the seat was a huge black cat, ugly, scraggy, and with a ground plan of fat that looked like a railroad map, it was so plowed and out up.

Naturally I noticed the cat and asked what it was doing there.

"That's a wonderful cat," said the youthful fireman, "and thereby hangs a tale. Do you want it?"

"Of course." "Well, about a week ago we—Dick and me—were making the run between Philadelphia and Trenton. It was a dirty, black night—cold and a driving rain, and we were—that is, Dick was—behind time, and we were—that is, Dick was—making her hum for all she was worth. We—that is, Dick—had a clear track and the right of way. A few feet ahead of the pilot it was as black as nothing. We were driving into chaos at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I could not think that if we ran into anything we'd know more about the other world than was ever written in books, and I said a little prayer that I had learned in Sunday-school. The prayer didn't seem to do me much good, and I asked Dick if it was necessary to run so fast. Dick gave me a look of mild contempt, and then I got on my dignity and felt as

if I'd rather like to strike something just to change that look of Dick's to one of surprise. This was wicked, I know, but I couldn't help it.

"Suddenly there was an awful crash directly in front of me, a splintering of glass in the cab window, and this cat came tumbling in. My heart got right up in my throat and I thought I'd choke. I saw Dick turn pale, and, terrified as I was, I remembered being glad at it. He didn't lose his head though. Dick never does—but reversed the machine, and when the train stopped we—that is, Dick—got out to investigate. And what do you think? There was a rail misplaced within a dozen feet of the place where we had stopped. The flagman at the switch had seen it and had stationed himself up the track to signal us. He had a pet cat which followed him wherever he went. The cat was with him as usual. When he heard us thundering down upon him his lantern went out. He laid it down to relight it. A gust of wind caught it and it rolled down the embankment. Here was a state of things. The flagman was quick to act, however, and grabbing his faithful cat by the tail he hurried it at the cab as we rattled by. Here is the cat that saved our train. Didn't you, Danger?"

The cat humped its back in recognition, and I looked at the frank, innocent face of the boy. He returned the look with wide-open, truthful eyes. "Shades of Mount Vernon! What a life that fellow is!" said Dick to me in a whisper. "He has the reputation of being the biggest liar on the road. He'd finish first in a race with Tom Ochiltree. That cat story is the latest 'save-the-train' business. I saw him fish that cat out of the ditch a few days ago."

HOW MANY MILLIONS?

The "Ploughboy's" Estimate in 1830—We
May Have More Than 60,000,000
in 1890, and Nearly 90,000,000
in 1900.

Figuring on the population of this country has been a favorite occupation of its inhabitants for the last century, and, according to the New York Star, there have been some really close estimates made at various times. In an issue of the Albany Ploughboy, away back in 1820, estimates were made for each decade up to 1900. The population by the census of that year was 9,635,823. Apparently these figures were not known to the Ploughboy, for the population set opposite that year is nearly 100,000 in excess of that number. Here are the Ploughboy's estimates, side by side with the results shown by the various official censuses up to 1880:

Year	Ploughboy	Census
1820	9,635,823	9,635,823
1830	12,500,000	12,500,000
1840	15,400,000	15,400,000
1850	18,300,000	18,300,000
1860	21,200,000	21,200,000
1870	24,100,000	24,100,000
1880	27,000,000	27,000,000
1890	30,000,000	30,000,000
1900	33,000,000	33,000,000

It will be seen that at the end of the first decade the Ploughboy was nearly 200,000 in the calculation at the end of the second decade nearly 600,000 out, and at the end of the third decade, in 1850, however, the difference between the estimated and the actual population was only about 140,000. Of course the Ploughboy could not foresee the civil war. Accordingly its estimate for 1870 was nearly 3,800,000 too large.

This, of course, threw out the estimate for 1880, when the actual population fell short more than 6,500,000. Had the Ploughboy started with the correct figures for 1820 its estimate up to 1880 would have been considerably nearer the results as shown by later censuses, for the estimated percentage of increase from decade to decade is really not very far from the true percentage. Here is a little table that contrasts these percentages:

Period	Estimated	Actual
1820 to 1830	34	33.5
1830 to 1840	25	25.5
1840 to 1850	27	26.5
1850 to 1860	31	30.5
1860 to 1870	33	32.5
1870 to 1880	35	34.5

Up to 1840 the Ploughboy's percentages were a little in excess. Of course, the editor could not foresee that the miseries of the Irish peasantry would suddenly swell the immigration in the two decades between 1840 and 1860 any more than he could foresee the civil war that brought down the percentage for the decade of 1860-70 to 22.63. At the rate at which population was growing in the twenty years between 1840 and 1860, exemption from such a disturbance as the civil war would have brought us some millions beyond the Ploughboy's estimated 100,000,000. As things now stand the best that can be hoped for in the census of 1890 is something over 60,500,000, and in that of 1900 about 85,500,000. Most estimates since 1880 have placed the figures considerably below these.

"Serbiner's Statistical Atlas," whose estimates are based upon the census of 1880 and upon returns from the Bureau of Immigration up to 1882, places the population of 1890 at 64,584,000, and that of 1900 at 81,992,000.

General M. C. Meigs excited considerable interest some time ago by publishing some estimates of future population in this country. He placed the population in 1900 at 1,206,357,000, rather more than most estimates of the whole present population of the earth. His estimate of the negro population was nearly 60,000,000. This would give a population of 228 to the square mile. Prof. S. L. Loomis ridiculed the estimates of General Meigs, but admitted that the increase from birth alone would give an enormous population 100 years hence. One estimate, which leaves immigration out of account, puts the population of the United States in 1900 at 600,000,000, which would give 200 inhabitants to the square mile. This is only two-thirds as dense as the population of Rhode Island, and two-fifths as dense as that of England. One square mile of the East side tenement-house district of this city is estimated to contain 200,000 inhabitants.

MANUFACTURED RELICS.

How Curio-Collectors Are Swindled by
Dealers in Odds and Ends.

Charley Howell was talking to Burke, the old book-storer, at five o'clock, one evening, when, according to the Atlanta Constitution, a stranger fresh from New Orleans stepped up, saying to Mr. Burke: "What will you give for a big lot of Jeff Davis' hair?"

"Ah, I have plenty of it," answered Mr. Burke. "Quite a quantity." Then as the stranger walked away, surprised that any one should have the treasure he thought so valuable, Mr. Burke said: "The truth is I have any thing a relic-hunter wants. I have hair from the heads of many distinguished men, dead or alive. May be you wouldn't believe

it, but one-quarter the money I put into my house came from the sale of hair off George Washington's head.

"Do you know," Mr. Burke went on, "that the relic-hunter is the biggest fool on earth. Any relic he may want has no value. It is simply a question of how much he is able to pay. I can always size a man up as he comes in, and am therefore able to hit him just right.

"Take a battle-field relic," said Mr. Burke, after a pause. "I go home, say, and get my wife to make a half-dozen pieces of ribbon as I want it. Then I pound two bullets together and fasten to the ribbon. They are bullets, you know, which mot in mid-air on the Kenesaw field. I put one in the show-case with the card and the others in a drawer. A relic-hunter buys the only one, but as soon as he is gone the drawer is opened and another takes its place. They cost about a dime and bring in a five."

AN UNCONSCIOUS SPY.

How a Woman's Kindness Nearly Led to
Her Death.

During the late civil war Mrs. Wheeler, the Eugene healer, served as a nurse in the Union service. She had many thrilling experiences and among them the Eugene (Ore.) Journal has heard of the following: She was present at the battle of Spotsylvania. At the commencement of the battle a Union officer rode up to her and handed her a package of letters with the request that she should keep them safe until the battle was over, and then, if he (the officer) should not live to call for them, to deliver the package at headquarters.

In the course of the fight a flank was turned and Mrs. Wheeler and the rest of the hospital nurses captured by the rebels. Upon searching her person of course the papers were found and proved to be those of a Union spy, who had been inside the rebel lines. She was at once arraigned before a court-martial composed of rebel officers, and notwithstanding her statement of how she came by the papers and repeated protestations of innocence, she was formally convicted of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged at sunrise the next morning.

She was then taken by a guard of three soldiers and confined in a small guard house. Under a lamp what kept her admittance light and air, and through the aperture she saw the erection of the gallows on which she was to perish. What a grim perspective!

Inside the guard house there was nothing but the bare floor of earth and two dry-goods boxes standing against a wall; no chair, no bed.

That night one of the guards entered the guard house with a piece of corn bread and a tin cup of water for her supper.

Mrs. Wheeler spoke.

The guard stopped.

He then retired and locked the door upon her again. Later on in the night she heard a voice at the aperture say: "Move the small box!" She moved the box and discovered an aperture, which proved to be a tunnel. Through this tunnel she saw her way out on her hands and knees for about one-fourth of a mile, when she emerged from its mouth and found a man and two saddled horses standing there.

Mrs. Wheeler mounted one horse, and the man, who was disguised, the other. For six miles they rode on in darkness without speaking, but at the end of that time the man spoke and said: "You are now safe in the Union army; ride on," and the man disappeared in the darkness like a shadow.

Mrs. Wheeler rode on until she came across a picket, who took her to General Heintzelman's headquarters.

Some time ago, while taking a little outing at Anderson's, on the McKenzie river, Mrs. Wheeler and her preserver met and recognized each other after a lapse of twenty-six years. Her preserver's name was well known to R. F. Hays, and he was known to Thurston. He was one of the three guards. He was the disguised horseman.

THE WORM TURNED.

An Incident Which Happened in the
Palmy Days of Cheyenne.

Any one who knew Cheyenne when it was the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad will admit that it was a hard town, says the New York Sun. There was more shooting and shooting there in a given time than any other Western town could ever boast of, and no doubt the town's blood-letting was a good thing for the community.

In the palmy days of the town I had a business there, and next to me was a Jew clothier. He came on fresh from New York, knowing nothing of Western ways, and he hadn't got his goods in. He was half scared to death. But for the fact that the boys would have kept the door locked half the time. The toughs soon caught on to the fact that he was a coward, and one after another went in and bullied him and had great fun at his expense. I privately advised him to get a gun and wing some of them, but he raised his hands in holy horror and exclaimed: "Great heavens! But I never handle nothing but clothing! I left ten thousand dollars to be out of this!"

His cowardice was pitiful On behold, however, the blood-letting ceased. One afternoon a tough called Apache Joe entered the store, having three more toughs with him, and began the usual routine. The Jew begged and entreated, and actually cried, and in his disgust such conduct Apache Joe kicked him. That kick acted like magic. The Jew sprang forward, grabbed the revolver which Joe had temporarily deposited on the counter, and I heard six shots fired as fast as I could count. Running in, I found Apache Joe and one of his chums kicking their last, while the other two were badly wounded. It took three of us to hold the Jew from further violence. The worm had turned and become a tiger. After he was acquitted by the coroner's jury, of which I was one, he bought a brace of revolvers, began to practice shooting, and in two weeks was known for fifty miles around as "The Dangerous Jew." The most exaggerated stories of his prowess were afloat, and inside of a month he had to build on, hire two clerks and get a new stock. It was the making of him socially, financially and all other ways, and I know that his action assisted very materially to help the law abiders get the upper hand and drive the lawless gangs further on.

Quill Toothpick Mill.

The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use was converted into a toothpick mill.

VARIETIES.

MR. DUKE SLOWPAX—I shall bring you back those dark pants to be resented, Mr. Snip; you know I sent a good deal.

MR. SNIP (sighing)—All right and if you will bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to receipt that also; you know I have stood a good deal.

ONE day a drunken Confederate cavalryman who had never seen Mr. Davis, but was perfectly familiar with the postage stamps, saw his chief on the streets of Richmond. Going up to him, he asked in a dilly, drunken manner:

"Are you Mr. Davis?"

"I am, sir," was the dignified reply.

"President of the Southern Confederacy?"

"I have that honor, sir."

"I thought so, you look so much like a postage stamp."

THE BENEFIT OF COLLABORATION.—At rehearsal (Mr. Comdy to dramatic author)—Mr. Lines, here in this scene I have to say, "Gladly, it is now a quarter to five." Would you mind my making that "a quarter of five"? I have been in the habit of saying it that way, and I might forget the other.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—Certainly, Mr. Comdy, say "a quarter before five," if you want to. On the Street (Addressing friend to Mr. Comdy)—I say, Comdy, that's a neat little part you've got in the new play.

MR. COMDY—I may be able to make something out of it. But I can tell you, Smith, that part wouldn't have been what it is if I hadn't gone over it with that young fellow who wrote the play.

THIS story is an old one of the party of tired travelers who entered a house decorated by a peculiar sign and demanded oysters.

"This is not a restaurant," said the courteous gentleman who met them. "I am an artist."

"I saw that an oyster hung outside the door," asked one.

"No, gentleman, it is an ear."

A body of sailors from an American vessel, stopping at 8 m., went to the German consulate and demanded dinner.

"This is not a hotel," said the offended domestic official who met them.

"Well, if it isn't a restaurant, what's that black fog hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman.

"The sign" was the German eagle, the consular coat of arms.

IS the dime novel disappearing from the hands of innocence? It looks that way. A teacher read her pupils a short Indian story. They listened with open-mouthed interest.

"—and the tomahawk flew by the boy's head and buried itself in a tree." Now, children, how many of you know what a tomahawk is?"

No response.

"Come, any boy who knows what a tomahawk is may hold up his hand."

One timid hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, what is a tomahawk?"

"A tomahawk, Miss Mammie, is a me kind of a bird, I believe."

"Why do you think it is a bird?"

"Because it is a hawk, and you said it flew by the boy's head."

Innocence forever, and down with the "Boy Scout of Dead Man's Gulch."

I was in the city editor's room the other day when a new reporter came in to report on some assignment. He had only been on the staff three days, but he was just as new as though he had been years in the business.

"Get that funeral?" he inquired.

"Funeral? No!" said the editor.

"Well, it's all over now," said the new reporter. "Heid at two o'clock this afternoon."

The city editor had looked at his assignment-book, and finding no funeral he said: "Whose funeral?"

"McIntyre," said the new reporter.

The city editor picked up a pen and wrote briefly, on a small pad of blanks. When he had finished he tore off a sheet and handed it to the new reporter. It was an order for his pay up to that time.

"Goodbye," said the city editor, and the new reporter departed, crushed.

for us. Every structure should be of marble.

Seventh Chicagoan—Or silver.

Eighth Chicagoan—Make 'em of gold studded with diamonds.

Ninth Chicagoan—Glorious! Use the diamonds for windows. What we want is—

Wagish New Yorker (interrupting)—Bless pardon, gentlemen, but I am a bill collector for—

All (suddenly vanishing)—See you later.

An ex-customs inspector tells a story of his own experience with a respectable smuggler of the other sex who was willing to divide what he stole from Uncle Sam with inspectors of easy conscience.

The man was a big, handsome fellow with a silk hat and a diamond-ear-ring. His baggage consisted of one small sash leather trunk. He gave up his keys smilingly and stood over the inspector glibly, naturally as the latter lifted out the top articles of clothing.

The inspector lifted up the gentleman's dress suit.

"No," said the gentleman, jovially, "you haven't come to it yet. That's an American suit. But keep it up."

The inspector lifted out a checked sack suit.

"Wrong again," said the gentleman, with a laugh, "but keep right on and you'll come to it."

The inspector threw out a lot of under-clothing, beneath which was a light overcoat. Spread out flat on the overcoat was a fifty dollar greenback.

"Ah," said the gentleman, "so you have found it at last. Put it in your pocket."

Without answering a word or touching the greenback, the inspector reached under the light overcoat and found a leather case.

He opened the case and saw four fine diamonds as were owned

